

The

# MISSIONARY HELPER

*Faith and Works Win*

VOL. XXI.

SEPTEMBER, 1898.

No. 9

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# The Missionary Helper.

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MOTTO: *Faith and Works Win.*

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“ HAVE you never stood by some arm of the sea which penetrates far inland, and seen its emptiness and ugliness? There is only the oozy, miry bed of the creek; the blue line of ocean is far away on the horizon. There is no human power by which it can be filled with water. The little streams from the hillsides could never fill the thousand empty indentations in our coast. But the great, unquiet ocean begins to creep in. It spreads slowly over the flat bottom, and winds into every bend of the shore, and fills every crevice of the rocks; it covers the long grasses, it drives you back step by step; it surges in, lifting itself with quiet strength until the little gulf is filled to the brim, and the bowing billows come over the surface, and the ships are lifted from their beds and sail away to their appointed havens. The inlet is full; it is filled with all the fullness of the ocean and with its mighty power. So we are empty till we are filled with the power of God. The toils and sacrifices and duties of life seem too heavy for us; but when inspirations from God begin to come in upon us, when his love rises in our hearts, with his grace and inexhaustible power behind it, we can carry all burdens buoyant upon such a strength, and can feel an undercurrent of divine power filling our hearts.”

**Working Notes.**—The annual report of our mission in southern Bengal is at hand. As one reads the lines—full of proof of effective work done, in spite of many obstacles and terrible limitations—and reads between the lines of the pathetic struggle of the faithful few who bravely hold the field in the face of thinning ranks and physical weariness and weakness, it would seem as if all of our people would rise up as one person and pour out prayers and money and men and women to flood that field with help and hope and cheer. It is a small garden ground that we have to cultivate, and there are seventy thousand people, at least, responsible for it. It would seem that the moment the cry for help reaches us we would be ready to respond clearly and gladly, “Keep heart a little longer—I am coming.” Not one of us who cannot go to their aid either in person or by proxy. Small sums from fifty thousand people—let us say—would make a large amount of money; but, the *prayers* of faith of fifty thousand people would literally remove mountains of difficulties. Are we a praying people? We are inclined to lay the sin at the door of ignorance. Some have not read the lines, many will not read them, some close their eyes to the words and their ears to the call. None of us, perhaps, fully appreciate as yet the glad, sweet privilege, as well as solemn duty, in obeying the Master’s last command. Let us think of the privilege as we read the closing appeal in Mr. Hamlen’s report, “Pray for us, and send us help soon, lest we faint under the burden.” . . . Let us, too, renew our efforts for a wider reading of our denominational literature, until it is no longer possible for anyone to say, “I did not know the condition,” or “Why didn’t you tell me before?” A constant reader of the *HELPER*, the *Morning Star*, and *Free Baptist*, one who is familiar with our history as related in “Missionary Reminiscences,” the “Life of Lavina Crawford,” “India, and Daily Life in Bengal”—such a one must see and act. . . . Note the repetition of the Reading Course on fourth page of cover. Whatever recent books may be suggested for reading, from year to year, this course will remain substantially as it now appears until all of our workers have used it. . . . Hearty welcome is given to the two new auxiliaries in New York—see “Words from Home Workers”—and to the recently organized society in Cambridge, Mass. The secretary writes, “We would like to have a part in sending a new missionary to the foreign field, or in supporting some one already there.” . . . The *Morning Star* of Aug. 11 was full of missionary inspiration. Did you read the articles by Rev. G. L. White, Mrs. Anne S. D. Bates, “S,” Pundita Ramabai, and the missionary glimpses in “News and Views?” We suggest that some member give a synopsis of what Pundita Ramabai writes regarding Hindu women, at the next auxiliary meeting. . . . The October number of the *HELPER* will contain Ocean Park papers and reports, with other matter. . . . The following bit from a private

letter from Dr. Helen Phillips contains a suggestion about letter writing, and furnishes a list of books than which there are none more helpful and inspiring of their kind: "I am glad you mentioned books you are reading. I wish that home friends would think to do it oftener. I have read and greatly enjoyed 'The Mind of the Master.' Just now I am reading aloud to mother Brooks's 'Perfect Freedom.' I do not wonder that thousands loved Phillips Brooks. It seems to me it would be worth any price to be able always to appeal to the best there is in another, as he did. Drummond is one of my special favorites. I have just finished his 'Tropical Africa.' I take the *Homiletic Review*, which has some excellent sermons for our Sunday evenings after my junior C. E. is over. I find it makes a very decided difference with my working ability whether or not I read books that give me real spiritual food; and with Drummond, Brooks, MacLaren, Stalker, Murray, Robertson, and others, I do not know but we are about as well fed as we could be in any home parish." In closing she writes, "I have accepted the Christian young people and children of the village as my heritage, and I find little time for work outside. If they grow up into good Christian helpers the time will not have been badly spent."

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#### ANNUAL MEETING.

As it was necessary to call a special meeting of the Woman's Missionary Society at Ocean Park, Me., Aug. 19, in connection with General Conference, the annual business session of the society will meet in the Washington St. Free Baptist church, Dover, N. H., Oct. 12, 10 A. M., and continue a single day.

While the society regrets its inability to accept the cordial invitation to hold its next annual session at Batavia, N. Y., it most sincerely hopes the invitation will be renewed at no distant date, feeling assured that it will meet a hearty response from the organization.

MARY PERKINS DAVIS, *Pres.*

*Ocean Park, Me., July 30.*

ALICE M. METCALF, *Rec. Sec.*

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#### TAKE NOTE.

ALL matter intended for publication or notice in this magazine, and all exchanges and books for review, must be sent directly to

EDITOR MISSIONARY HELPER,

Ocean Park, Me.

Everything has to pass through the editor's hands before it reaches these pages, and it will save much time, trouble, and possible loss if all will heed the requirement.

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A BETTER thing than having riches is to be contented without them.

**JOHN KENNETH MACKENZIE, CHINA'S PHYSICIAN.**

BY SHIRLEY HOLMES SMITH.

Born, Yarmouth, Eng, Aug. 25, 1850.

Sent to China, 1875.

Died, Tien-tsin, China, April 1, 1888.

Late one night, as Kenneth Mackenzie and Col. Duncan were walking home together after a service in one of the theaters of Bristol, Mackenzie, then a young man of twenty, confided to his friend the hope that some day he might preach the gospel in a foreign land. He had been a Christian only two years, but those two years had been full of active service for the Master. He was naturally of a retiring disposition, but disregarding natural inclination he had worked wherever he found an opportunity. Open-air services, ragged schools, evangelistic meetings, midnight missions, all had been the scenes of his consecrated effort and the subjects of prayerful thought. He had been reading the biographies of Rev. William Burns and Dr. James Henderson, missionaries to China, and the story of their lives and the glimpse he had obtained of the darkness and sin of China's millions had made him long to help in their emancipation. As on this night he spoke of that desire Col. Duncan said, "You are still very young; would it not be well to go in for the study of medicine, and in course of time go to China as a medical missionary?" The next day he gave him a little book called "The Double Cure, or What Is a Medical Mission?" which seems to have been instrumental in leading him to the decision, should it be the will of God, to spend his life as a medical missionary. By prayer the objections of his parents were overcome, and he gave up his business position and entered a medical school.

Near the close of his course the London Missionary Society made an appeal for a man to go to Hankow, China. Mackenzie offered himself, was accepted and sent out, reaching Hankow in June, 1875. A hospital had already been erected and up to this time had been conducted by Dr. Ried, the physician of the foreign community, who had given his services gratuitously. Although he arrived at his destination at the most unfavorable season, he entered upon his work with characteristic energy. The first Sunday found him in the morning in attendance upon the Chinese service, three miles from the settlement, in the afternoon preaching to the sailors on the foreign vessels in the rivers, and in the evening addressing a meeting at the home of Rev. Griffith John, one of the missionaries. The next day, his first Monday at Hankow, he took up his regular work at the hospital and commenced his study of the language.

For three years he remained at Hankow, working in the hospital, going out on country trips, sometimes suffering persecution, preaching to the English sailors, helping whenever possible in the evangelistic work of the mission, and



often rejoicing to see men and women turning from darkness to light, transformed, redeemed. At the end of that time, however, circumstances arose which made it seem best that Dr. Mackenzie should be transferred to another station. Accordingly he was sent to Tien-tsin, arriving in March, 1879.

For ten years previous to this time some medical work had been done there through a Christian native dispenser from the hospital in Peking, but when Dr. Mackenzie arrived he found the dispenser using largely native drugs, the dispensary was in debt, there were no foreign drugs and no money with which to buy them. The outlook was most discouraging. It was decided to make an appeal to the directors for drugs, but at best these could not arrive in less than five months. Although the language was to be studied and Dr. Mackenzie might spend this time assisting in the regular evangelistic work, he felt that he was neglecting his calling if he were not practising medicine. What was to be done? After much prayer for guidance it was thought best to present a memorial to the viceroy, Li Hung Chang, in which should be stated the value of medical missions in other places, showing him the neglected condition of the city, and soliciting his aid. The memorial was presented. The viceroy received it graciously, but responded only that he would consider the matter. Time went on—there came no word. May, June, July passed—still no word! On Aug. 1, while the missionaries were united in prayer, a member of the British legation was transacting business with the viceroy. He noticed the sadness of the great man, and finding it to be due to serious illness of his wife, who the native doctors said could not live, he asked, "Why don't you get the help of the foreign doctors in Tien-tsin? They might be able to do something yet." Dr. Mackenzie and Dr. Irwin, the customs medical officer, were immediately summoned. By careful treatment, with the help of Dr. Leonora Howard of Peking—now Mrs. King—and by the blessing of God, Lady Li recovered. Patients from all classes now thronged to the doctor, surrounding him as he entered and left the palace.

Realizing the vast superiority of western medical science, the viceroy made Drs. Mackenzie and Irwin medical attendants upon his family and *yamen*, and opened, in part of one of the great temples of the city, a free hospital, which he placed under the charge of Dr. Mackenzie, giving him perfect liberty as a missionary to teach the Christian doctrine and bearing the entire expense of the hospital work himself. A little later another part of the temple was arranged for the women's department, under the direction of Dr. Howard and supported by Lady Li.

It soon became apparent, however, that these quarters were insufficient. Accordingly a fund was raised among the wealthy Chinese and a hospital was erected on the mission premises. This also was supported by Li Hung Chang.

The hospital, thoroughly equipped, was publicly opened by the viceroy himself, many officials, both native and foreign, being present. It was an occasion of much ceremony and much rejoicing on the part of both missionaries and Chinese.

In 1881, in addition to the vast amount of work of caring for the physical and spiritual needs of the patients, Dr. Mackenzie, with the approval of the viceroy, took upon himself the formation of a government medical school to train Chinese young men for government positions. This meant that he must be not only superintendent, but instructor in all branches. Concerning this project he writes, "I do not value this branch of work so much from the medical side. If it merely meant training surgeons for the Chinese government I would give it up. I value it as a rare means of influencing these educated young men from a Christian standpoint. My hands are left perfectly free by the viceroy, and the young men are entirely under my charge."

These first young men were eight selected from a hundred who had been sent to America by the government to be educated, but who had been recalled before their college courses were completed. He was assisted to some extent in this work by foreign physicians, naval, etc., stationed in or about Tien-tsin. Again finding quarters insufficient for both school and hospital Li Hung Chang at his own expense built a larger hospital, so that the other could be used for school purposes. For this work in the school the emperor conferred upon Dr. Mackenzie an imperial decoration, "the star of the order of the double dragon," with a Chinese commission.

In the midst of his labors and successes, after a brief illness, he passed to another sphere of activity on Easter morning, 1888.

His idea of the work of a medical missionary was not that he was to minister simply to the bodies of men. He says, "Our waiting-rooms may be full of patients, and all our beds be occupied, and yet these men and women will pass from under our care pretty much as they came to us, so far as higher things are concerned, unless we directly bestir ourselves for their spiritual good. They seek us, it is true, but for their bodies only; if we would win their souls we must seek them. The command to us, as to all disciples, is 'Go ye.' 'Compel them to come in.' Deliver us from thinking that we are obeying this command when we employ an evangelist, and say to him, 'You go and preach to the patients, while I attend to their bodies.' This is not being a medical missionary." In accord with this idea he always sought, personally if possible, to lead his patients to Christ. It was this which made the results of his work as a physician undying.

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THE places that shine most are seldom the most important ones.

## IN CHINA.

*A Chinese Home.*—We went by invitation to visit a Chinese house. It was five stories in height, painted a bright blue, and resembled from the outside the card-houses that we constructed in our childhood. A miniature moat ran all round, containing various water-plants, some in bloom. We ascended an imposing flight of steps and entered a hall whose ceiling was the roof, the other rooms opening on galleries that encircled the hall. Our eyes were caught and held by a number of heavy red velvet hangings, twenty feet long by three in width, fringed with gold and bearing sentences of congratulation or condolence in gold letters. These are sent at the new year, at weddings and funerals, and take precisely the same place in their social economy that cards do with us.

The furniture of this hall was of veined marble set in ebony inlaid with mother-of pearl. On a table stood a splendid musical box, which was set going, and its silvery notes followed us all through the building. Owing to a change in our arrangements we had to call at a different hour from that which had been arranged, and so we were not able to see the mother and grandmother, but were received by a girl of fourteen, the only daughter, soon to be married to the son of the Prime Minister of Siam. She was timid yet as stately as a princess, and when, having looked at various rooms, some furnished in English and some in Chinese style, we returned to the main hall, she played on a splendid grand piano "Home, Sweet Home," and "Blue Bells of Scotland," in excellent time with a good touch.

We were now presented with ears of boiled Indian corn, and sections of deliciously sweet orange, cut and brought to us by the daughter of the house. While we were regaling ourselves with the somewhat mixed repast, we were shown some special work in course of completion for the expectant bride. It consisted of the most beautifully made lace of colored beads, made on a pillow like any lace, and showing garlands of roses tied by knots of ribbon, and an arabesque of birds and butterflies at the top. These decorations form part of the wedding outfit of every Chinese bride of position, and are real works of art. There were slippers too, and in passing let me say that these girls whose parents have settled in the Straits, and who have never been themselves in China, do not have bound feet.

*The Children.*—Almost every Chinese child of high station carries a fan. Fans are the rattles of Chinese babyhood. A Chinese nurse diverts her young charge with views of her swiftly-moved, gayly-painted fan. With that same fan she cools for him the torrid air of the Chinese summer, and when he grows strong enough to walk, and totters about with Asiatic masculine arrogance upon his well-developed yellow legs, his apple-faced mother, if forced to criticise his



momentary mode of life, is very apt to score his yellow shoulders with her pink, perfumed fan, though, to be honest, a Chinese child is almost never struck.

Many Chinese children who have scarcely a garment, and rarely have a good dinner, have fans, and are experts in their use, for in China the manner in which a fan is carried, opened, used, and moved is almost as significant as it is in Korea. The nakedest Chinese boy will almost be sure to own a kite. Chinese children are as skilful as Japanese children in kite-flying, and are almost as fond of it as are the children of Siam. They also delight in rolling the hoop and in playing battledoor and shuttlecock.

It is more than religion with the Chinese to obey as their ancestors have obeyed, and in all things to follow in the footsteps of those ancestors. This held China together for centuries, but now the reluctance of the Chinese to make use of methods and implements of war that were unknown to their ancestors threatens to make China, if not a nation of the past, at least a nation torn and dismembered. The late war with Japan should teach China the necessity of the arts of western civilization.

A large proportion of the Chinese are born, live, and die on boats. Strangely enough, none or nearly none of them can swim. But almost every Chinese child is an expert fisher, and exceedingly fond of the sport. Fish and rice form very largely the diet of every Chinese child. Except among the very poor, the children and the women eat apart from the men.

The children of the wealthier people eat considerable poultry and unlimited fruit. Among the poorer Chinese the girls are taught to cook, to do all sorts of household work, and to sew roughly. I have eaten some delicious dinners cooked by a Chinese girl of twelve. Indeed, cooking is the great national talent of the Chinese.

*Chinese View of Medicine.*—Surgery has never been developed in China, and their medicines show but little development. Diagnosis is considered the main point by the doctor. To secure this he places his three fingers upon the pulsating vessel in the patient's wrist, pressing it alternately with each finger on the inner and outer side, and then making with three fingers a steady pressure for several minutes, not with watch in hand to note the frequency of the beats, but with a thoughtful and calculating mind, to diagnose the disease and prognosticate its issue. With few questions concerning the patient's symptoms, the doctor proceeds to write out the numerous ingredients of a prescription which is pretty sure to contain decoctions measuring into the pints and quarts, besides powders and pills. The patient lays aside all work and ceases to eat, that he may give his entire time to swallowing horse doses of all sorts of concoctions.

The native doctors know nothing of the dissection of the human body, and

they rely chiefly upon their imaginations. The brain is put in the stomach ; the seat of courage is in the liver ; the bladder communicates directly with the mouth by a tube into which all liquids find their way ; while a hole in the heart has mysterious relations with the stomach, and to this orifice is ascribed much of the pain consequent upon indigestion, which is exceedingly common, in consequence of the universal habit of rapid eating. If one were to get an insight into their medicines he might find such surprises as snake-skins, scorpion stings, rhinoceros-horn shavings, moths, oyster-shells, human and silk-worm secretions, tiger-bones, etc.

*A Medical Missionary.*—The key to Dr. Mackenzie's successful life may be given in his own words, "One of the best ways in which the medical missionary can influence his patients is by keeping up the spiritual life of his assistants, encouraging them to prayer and the frequent study of the scriptures. Of course he can only aid them as he is himself abiding in Christ, and drawing strength and life from his Saviour. He cannot give what he has not himself. The knowledge of this should stimulate us to a constant and close walk with God. It is of little account for us to pray for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit upon our assistants or patients until the great cry of our hearts is, 'Lord, fill me !' and then when we are full, from us will go forth streams of living water to those around."—*Self.*

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### HINDU PRACTICE OF MEDICINE.

BY DR. O. R. BACHELER.

OF surgery little need be said. The barber having the only cutting instrument in use, his services only were required when the use of the knife was necessary. The blacksmith served as dentist. The teeth of the Hindus are not often subject to decay, but the gums early become absorbed, leaving the teeth quite loose, so that they may easily be drawn with the blacksmith's tongs. The practice of medicine was usually quite simple, but sometimes complicated. Almost every one would know of some simple remedy which might have proved beneficial in some particular case, and so of course it would be presumed that it might prove successful in other cases, hence one article would have to do duty on many occasions. Others, again, in order to secure a large fee, would compound a large number of articles, both vegetable and mineral, some of them utterly inert, with the hope that if one did not hit the case another might, and one object at least would be secured, the patient would be allured by the multiplicity of ingredients, and the imagination would greatly help the doctor, and there would be no objection to a generous fee. No doubt there were some who possessed a common-sense knowledge of disease and its appropriate remedies.

Magic played an important part in the treatment of certain nervous affections, and was invariably resorted to in cases of snake-bite. Certain men, without any reference to caste or position, were supposed to have peculiar power over disease, something like the "seventh son of the seventh son" with us. Their methods consisted in repeating certain sacred words called a *muntra*, and at the same time blowing in the face of the sufferer and making certain passes with the hands. If relief did not follow it was attributed to some mistake in the utterance of the *muntra*.

On one occasion I was called to see a man who had been bitten by a snake, and though the magician had been working over him for some time he had failed in giving relief. On arriving at the house I found a number of men sitting around the apparently dying man, utterly hopeless. On inquiry as to what had been done, I was told that the *muntra* had been fully tried, but had failed. The magician had abandoned the case, but had not left the room. I asked him to show me what he had done and how. He sat down before the sufferer, repeating his *muntra*, blowing in the face, and making the passes. I saw at once that he was making true mesmeric passes, so I said to him, "Let me try it without the *muntra*." I took his place and continued to make the passes. In a few minutes the patient dropped into a quiet sleep. Leaving some remedies to be given on awaking I left, having secured the reputation of a true magician. The patient speedily recovered. It is evident that their practice of medicine depended very largely on exciting the imagination, and by this influence often securing relief.

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#### TEN REASONS FOR MEDICAL MISSIONARIES IN FOREIGN WORK.

1. THE better a missionary is equipped in all departments of work the better his success; hence a knowledge of medicine is a benefit.
2. Medicine has been found to be the best means of breaking through prejudices, plowing down old customs, and opening the doors into the homes of the ignorant classes.
3. It is human nature to put confidence in the physician. The more ignorant the patient the more supernatural do the abilities of the physician seem. Because of the blind reverence of the heathen for the doctor, the medical missionary has a great advantage.
4. Frequently the best time to convert the soul to Christ is in adversity, in sickness, or nearing death. Who can do this work better than a Christian physician in foreign primitive life?
5. The medical missionary, because of his knowledge that disease is the result of sin and that much of sin is caused by the perversion of laws, can better

than any other man convince the heathen of this truth and readily discover the true remedy.

6. The body and soul are intimately associated, one dependent upon another. The medical missionary who considers them so related succeeds better in his work than one who regards the body and soul as distinct one from the other.

7. The missionary, in traveling through filth and among dangerous diseases in foreign lands, needs a knowledge of medicine for self-protection.

8. The medical missionary is often wholly or in part supported by the gifts of grateful patients. This condition of self-support of the missionary is an item of importance in missionary work.

9. While there are many native "so called-doctors" among heathen nations, there is only one enlightened physician to every three million inhabitants. (In U. S. there is one physician to every 540 inhabitants.)

The sending out of more medical missionaries is worthy of the deepest consideration because these native doctors, through their ignorance, superstition, and barbarity, practise untold cruelties.

10. We should ever try to follow closely the footsteps of the Saviour. He sent out eighty-two men, and to all of them gave this command, "Heal the sick, and say unto them, The kingdom of God is come nigh unto you."

I assure you, that, whatever may be told to the contrary, the teaching of Christianity among one hundred and sixty millions of civilized, industrious Hindus and Mahomedans in India is effecting a change morally, socially, and politically, which for extent and rapidity of effect are far more extraordinary than anything you or your fathers have witnessed in modern Europe.—*Sir Bartle Frere, late governor of Bombay.*

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#### THE SIMKINS FAMILY.

MRS. SIMKINS had listened attentively to the pastor's eloquent missionary sermon, and was well prepared to meet her husband's criticisms as they walked home from church.

"It is quite an idea, his preaching a missionary sermon three weeks before the collection. I don't like this making a fall missionary day," Mr. Simkins said. "It's the time you women want new fixings, and then some one has to be hired to help clean the house, and there's always a new carpet or curtain wanted then, and—and—"

"We are all a little bill(ious)" put in roguish Bess, seeing that he was pushed for an excuse.

"Well," he laughed, "you girls leave nothing for the heathen."

Sunday was the only day that the family were all together for dinner, so Mrs. Simkins made that a regular feast, and generally she was the one who "took turns" staying at home and cooking all the morning.

"What's the matter you don't eat, mamma? Isn't that lamb roast right?" asked Amelia, the young lady daughter.

"Yes, dear," Mrs. Simkins replied, "but the last remark our pastor made set me to thinking. Henry, do you know why it is we live so well, and the girls make such a good appearance on your small salary?" she asked, looking at her husband.

"Yes, if you will fish on Sunday, it's because my wife is the best manager in the world," was his ready answer.

"I always plan ahead for everything. Mr. Curtis said this morning he wanted us to plan for the thank-offering collection, making it a special subject for prayer. Now we are all interested in missions, but we never plan for that in our family expenses, and when the collection is taken you give only a dollar, and we do not make any pledges. Why, our extras for Sunday often cost more than a dollar. Pa, we ought to give twenty dollars a year for missions."

When Mrs. Simkins was awake she was very much in earnest, and the minister's last remark and closing prayer had stirred her heart to its depths.

"Don't cut our Sunday dinners," said Howard, holding out his plate for reinforcements.

"Never mind, mamma," said Willie, "when I get well I'll be a missionary."

"You can help to be one now, dear," said Mrs. Simkins, looking fondly at the baby of the family, who was so delicate that he was a constant source of anxiety to his parents. "Lend us your red bank, and we'll keep it on the center table and plan to put something in it each week all the year round for the thank-offering collection. We can't get very much perhaps in three weeks, but we will do what we can. I will take your dollar out, but you may put in some of it."

"O mamma, do let me leave it in!" cried Willie, forgetting his pie and orange as he ran for his red bank.

"The Lord requires only one-tenth, my son," said Mr. Simkins.

"O papa, let me surprise him, doing more than he requires!" begged Willie.

So Willie's hoarded dollar, grandpa's Christmas present, began the thank-offering collection.

"I'll give a dollar from the ten I've saved for my bicycle," said Howard, not to be outdone by his little brother.

"Well, here's the dollar I always give," said Mr. Simkins. "I can't promise any more these hard times."



"I suppose I could give you fifty cents and use two yards less of ribbon on my new dress," said Amelia.

"I could get a cheaper pair of gloves, but I hate less than four buttons," said Bess, who was almost sixteen, and was devoted to fine clothes.

"Well, each one plan as you like, but every time you can save even a cent, put it in our thank-offering bank," said Mrs. Simkins, as they rose from the table.

The savings bank, standing by the family Bible on the table, soon became the "household word" of the family. Willie had written a motto in his big, straggling letters, and tied it to the chimney of the little red house. After much hesitation and consultation with his mamma, he selected for his text, "Freely ye have received, freely give."

"Here goes in ten cents the storekeeper threw off on my new umbrella," Mr. Simkins said one night. Another time it was, "I took bread and milk for my dinner to-day, Willie, to save fifteen cents for your bank," or, "Here is two cents, for I forgot to buy an evening paper."

"I walked to-day and saved the nickel papa gave me, so here it goes in Willie's bank," said Bess, who had after much anxious thought gotten the three-button gloves and handed the extra twenty-five cents to Willie.

"I sold some of my old school-books, so that I can give you a little change," said Howard.

"I have not spent a cent for caramels this week (my besetting sin), so here's the ten cents, Willie," said Amelia.

"You have your music scholars, and Bess gets money from Aunt Lizzie, and papa makes money at the store, and Howard works Saturdays, but mamma and I can't earn money," sighed Willie.

"I think mamma earns more than her board," laughed Mr. Simkins.

"Well, that's all she gets," declared Willie.

"And she can't sacrifice on finery, for she lets you girls have all the new clothes," put in Howard.

"Never mind my money, I'll surprise you yet," answered Mrs. Simkins. "But suppose we help Willie by having plainer dinners the next two Sundays, and give the extra money to him for his part?"

They all good-naturedly agreed to do this, though Howard declared he would be thankful when the day came, for Willie's little red bank seemed to fairly haunt his dreams.

One day Mrs. Simkins noticed that Bess took up the little bank several times, putting it down with a sober face. Now, Bess was a regular little miser. She hoarded every cent she could get, and being fortunate enough to have been named for a rich aunt she often received spending money from her.

"There, mamma, it's done," she cried at last. "You know I have been saving money for a new white dress with a solid embroidery skirt. Well, I've concluded to buy a plain one, and put the difference in the thank-offering collection."

"I subscribed for a missionary paper to-day," Mr. Simkins said one evening, "for I want to know about where our money is going, Willie."

"I got a splendid book from the library this week," said Amelia. "Lives of Missionary Heroes." It made me feel like going myself."

"If the whole church would have a week of self-denial like the Salvation Army, once a year, how much money the missionary cause would get!" said Mrs. Simkins thoughtfully. "We have one more week till thank-offering."

"Let's try it," suggested Amelia.

And so they did; but, being a family that indulged in few luxuries, there was not very much more gained. They cheerfully gave up the dainty desserts Mrs. Simkins was so famous for making, and the price of a pound of butter, a dozen eggs, and several pounds of sugar was added to the fund.

Bess gave up the concert her father had promised her, and Amelia walked to her music pupils instead of riding, while the boys each found some small way of sacrifice.

"Mamma, where's your lovely fuchsia?" asked Amelia, one evening.

"My plants are my special pride, but to-day I had an opportunity to make some sacrifice money. Mrs. Brown offered me a dollar for my fuchsia, and another for three other choice plants, so I have something for thank-offering all my own," was the answer.

"O mamma, the carpet-rag money is ours!" put in Willie.

"What's that?" asked Mr. Simkins, who had just come in.

Mrs. Simkins laughed as she replied, "Mrs. Hart fell short of carpet-rags for her new carpet, and wanted to buy some from me. She gave us the job of sewing them, so Willie and I have made nearly a dollar that way."

"I have made more than a dollar in another way," said Mr. Simkins. "You know I care little for cigars, but now and then smoke one or treat, and I find that by putting the money in my vest pocket I have saved something for thank-offering, as well as kept off a bad habit."

Thank-offering morning the little bank was unlocked and the money counted. Just think of it! Twenty dollars and eighty-five cents from a family who were always too poor to give more than a dollar a year! It was decided that the father and mother each gave \$5, leaving \$2.50 apiece for the rest, while the eighty-five cents would be given to the Sunday-school collection.

"Papa, don't you think that this has been a happy Sabbath?" asked Amelia.



"Yes," he answered. "Our little sacrifices made our hearts ready for the blessed day. I will never say again, 'Daughter, we are too poor to help the missionary cause.'"

So the little red bank kept its place on the center table, and from time to time pennies, dimes, and even dollars fell into it, and often with a prayer for God's blessing on the missionary cause. Long before the thank-offering came again, frail little Willie had gone to the home the risen Saviour had prepared for him, but the good work went on in his name, and the little red bank became too small to hold all that loving hearts were prompted to give, for they remembered each day what they often read through tears—Willie's text, "Freely ye have received, freely give."—*Myra G. Plantz, in Northwestern.*

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### GLADSTONE.

BY MRS. MARY B. WINGATE.

O grand old man, O tower of strength,  
O life-long warrior, rest at length!  
O noble brow, so wise in thought,  
O heart so true, O soul unbought,  
O eyes so keen to pierce the night,  
And guide the ship of state aright,  
O life so simple, kind, and free,  
The humblest still might turn to thee,  
O soul dependent on thy God,  
With strength in his almighty word,  
O king uncrowned, O prince of men,  
When shall we see thy like again?

England shall bear for many a day  
The impress of thy powerful sway,  
In palace hall, in peasant cot,  
Thy name shall never be forgot.  
The world itself is poorer far,  
And mourns the setting of a star.

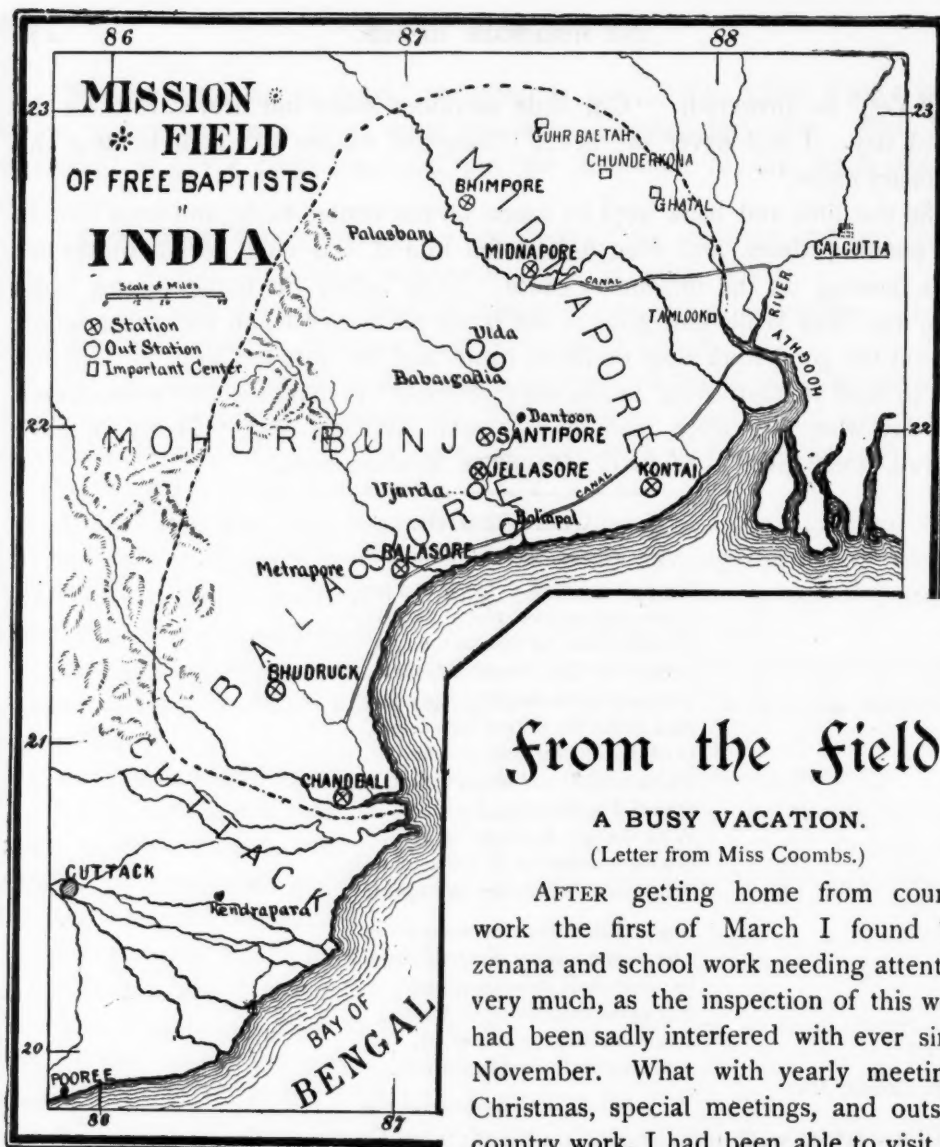
*E. Corinth, Me.*

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Two artists went out to paint each a picture of peace. One painted a silvery lake embosomed deep amid the hills, where no storm could ever touch it—calm, sweet, quiet in its shelter. The other painted a wild sea, swept by tempests, strewn with wrecks, but rising out of the sea a great rock, and in the rock, high up, a cleft, with herbage and flowers, amid which, on her nest, a dove was sitting. The latter is the true picture of Christian peace.—*John R. Miller.*

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WHEN believers, though few comparatively in numbers, come generally to the conviction that they are trustees of a great treasure for the rest of the race, and that when they pray whole nations are their clients, millennial glory will not be far off.—*Thompson.*



## from the field.

### A BUSY VACATION.

(Letter from Miss Coombs.)

AFTER getting home from country work the first of March I found the zenana and school work needing attention very much, as the inspection of this work had been sadly interfered with ever since November. What with yearly meetings, Christmas, special meetings, and outside country work, I had been able to visit the zenanas and schools only now and then—

"chinking them in" as I could find opportunity. But from then on till vacation time, the middle of May, nothing was allowed to interfere with this regular work; but the days grew hotter and hotter and the approaching vacation seemed to lag, for each day seemed to burn out more and more of the life force, and to drag one's self about became more and more of an effort.

The 15th of May did come at last, however, and shortly after Miss Landes and I, with her preacher, went to Contai. Our deserted mission bungalow there makes a delightful retreat, for it is so near the ocean—only five or six miles away

—that the sea breeze blows over it all the time, and those breezes were most welcome after the oppressive heat of Midnapore.

We went right away to the beach for two days, and stopped in a government bungalow, but were disappointed in not being able to get the baths we had hoped for, because the tides served inopportunately, but we walked and sat on the beach, paddled in the water and mud, breathed in the "salt sea air," and contrasted the dreary stretch of low, desolate beach with the comfortable, sand-bordered, happy-thronged beach at Ocean Park.

Sitting on the beach where we were, not a house could be seen, for a high embankment has been built by government for miles and miles along the coast, and all the villages are back of this, but standing on this embankment and looking off on either hand there is no lack of villages. Indeed there are so many, and they reach so far, that the thought of the myriads of people scattered all over this district, to whom the message of life has not yet been given hangs like a pall over me, and forbids any light-hearted enjoyment of passing days. Contai is an excellent place to take a rest for the body, but most depressing to the heart, for the empty bungalow and the empty preachers' houses and the wide, waiting, wasting fields continually appeal to one's sympathies. After we had been there a week in seclusion and quiet, we could not make it seem right to sit still any longer, so went out once a day to visit houses where we had been before and to which we were invited when it became known we were there.

At one house the son is an avowed seeker for truth, and halting between Brahmoism and Christianity. His mother, a widow, is mourning the death of a younger son, and I think I never saw a more hopeless, despairing face. "Without hope and without God in the world" kept running through my mind as I tried to give her a glimmer of light. She showed not the least interest at first, but before I came away she was listening eagerly and asked me to come again.

We had a most interesting visit at the house of one of the teachers in the high school. His wife and mother and sister with several children made up our audience, and they listened very attentively. Just as we were coming away the mother said, "It is evening now; will you not pray before you go?" This from a Hindu mother was surprising. I have been asked to pray in Brahmo houses, but never before in a Hindu house. I was very glad, however, to do so, and trust the petition was put up in faith.

We had services each of the three Sundays we were there, and at the last one eleven Hindu young men came in, and after the regular service was over stayed a long time to ask questions concerning our religion. Swami Vivikananda and Anna Besant are brought out as proofs that the people in America are embracing the Hindu religion!

One day we had an excellent opportunity of giving a straight message to some men who came to the bungalow "to see" (as they say), and gave them tracts. The preacher who was along with us was very faithful, going twice a day far and near, preaching, singing, distributing tracts and selling books. He sold over 250 books—mostly gospels—while we were gone. So, though it was vacation, we did scatter some seed which we can only pray the Lord of the harvest to watch over and make fruitful.

But oh! when will there be some one to take up that wide, wide work? They say to us, "Why do you not send some one here to teach us?" "How long before some one will come here to live?" and our hearts echo, "How long!" We had stayed till the rainy season was upon us, and in fact came plodding home in the rain, and just barely escaped being kept on the other side of the river two or three days by an unprecedented flood, which has wrought wide ruin, destroyed scores of lives, swept off quantities of cattle, and destroyed a great amount of property. We reached home on the morning of the 18th of June, in the midst of a pouring rain, and in eight or ten hours after that the river was impassable.

L. C. COOMBS.

*Midnapore, India, June 22.*

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#### NEWS FROM AN OLD FRIEND.

[Extracts from personal letter.]

S. S. ARRATOON, May 15, 1898.

It's one of the calmest, holiest Sabbaths I ever knew on land or sea. There are several very sweet male voices singing hymns down stairs, off at our right rise magnificent hills, and only little ripples dimple the face of the ocean, and oh, God is love and heaven seems near, though the first week at sea has been a very sea-sick one, and Saturday we had an incident that burnt into my very soul. Wine and whisky, or both, at the bottom of it all. Some day I'll tell you all about it. Fight intemperance and impurity till they are dead. Remember you promised to tell me what you would do monthly for our hotel. [The Temperance Hotel at Calcutta.] These public customs nobody dares to touch. Let us have a hotel that will win and love. God has been good to let me, to let us, have a share in this keen battle. When and how and where shall we stand side by side again? How passingly strange it all is! Like a kind of meteor I see myself borne up and down the length and breadth of this weary land for well-nigh four full years, lighting long enough to find a woman with her soul on fire with love for poor old humanity, a woman Christlike enough to stretch down her hand to save the very lowest; and then on again to face audiences that ordinarily would have made me tremble and faint; and, all reeking with perspiration, tumble alone into a third-class compartment to catch a little sleep, and then out in the small hours



of the night to change trains or go to a strange home. Homes they were! How kind people have been to me! I feel the sweet cleanliness of the clothes even now that were laid out for me one of those dark nights when I had to take a train after a convention at 11.30 P. M. and leave it at 3 A. M.

Then this year, within a year has come Madras, Panjab, Bombay, C. P. and Bengal Conventions, Beebee's wedding, our hotel, and sending out the *White Ribbon* every month; many, many nights with little sleep. Why! It seems to me simply marvelous how God can carry the weakest mortal through everything. What servants Omnipotence hath everywhere, and what blessed helpers God has given me. Well, well, it is all over now, Phil at rest forever, away up in the hills, home all gone, and we resting this glorious Sabbath in the Malay sea. What next!

Last Monday we stepped out of the Hoogly into wild waves of the sea, and oh, such seasickness! but the captain is so good and lets me sleep late right on the deck. To-day it is calm and I am eating again. Edie lost only one day, and has been such a sweet comfort to me, doing all anybody could do. God knows what the future has in store for us.

"I know not where His islands lift  
Their fronded palms in air,  
I only know I cannot drift  
Beyond his love and care."

Do you know that the manager, his wife, and housekeeper of Mrs. Mark's hotel and boarding-house are on board, and I have been facing the hotel question with great interest, and I'm so anxious about the prevention of cruelty to children. Do write me everything.

Yours,

MARY R. PHILLIPS.

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NOTE.—Mrs. Burkholder very kindly sent us the foregoing letter. She writes, "I thought her many friends in America would be glad to know something of what she has passed through in these years since my dear brother left her. She has had many and heavy burdens to carry. She has gone home on account of her son's health. All advised his return to a cooler climate. She would be most grateful to any or all of her friends if they would send her a few lines, even. For the present her address is 'San Francisco, care of the General Postmaster.'"

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#### TREASURER'S NOTES.

THIS is the month when the editor of the *MISSIONARY HELPER* is urgent to gather in her manuscript for September as early as possible. This prevents a full return of the month's receipts before making my notes, so they are necessarily confined to a few facts.

Quite a number of interesting items have already been received, particularly from children, young people, and Sunday schools. The S. S. of Winnebago, Minn., sends \$4 for Miss Barnes; the A. F. C. E. of Main St. church, Lewiston, Me., send \$8 for two shares in her salary; the Young Woman's Missionary Society

of New Hampton Institution has made its annual contribution; the junior and intermediate S. S. classes of Badger, Ind., remember Miss Barnes; children's day contributions and children's offerings have been received from Irasburg, Vt., Huntley, Minn., and South Barrington, N. H.; the Junior Endeavors of Cambridge, Mass., of Laconia, N. H., of Roger Williams church, Providence, R. I., and of Pascoag, R. I., have reminded us of their interest in Miss Barnes and Storer college.

The thank offering has been further increased by several contributions which will be reported later. Another \$5 has been received for the Golden Memorial. The experience of the Woman's Aid and Missionary Society of Buffalo, N. Y., in raising \$25 for a native Bible woman's support is so full of encouragement, and their method of raising the money is so much to be commended, that I quote at length from the letter of Mrs. Elliott, who sent the money: "At the beginning of the year the society pledged to support a Bible reader, aside from the other causes which we are helping. The question naturally presented itself: How are we to raise this money? After much discussion, in which doubts were expressed by some, strong faith by others, we as a society decided to abandon all questionable means, to step out in simple faith, asking God to send in the silver and the gold. How speedily he has answered is attested by the fact that we are able to send the amount six months before the stated time. Surely God has honored his word and the faith of his people. We feel his blessing is upon the offering, and our prayers accompany it. May it bring many souls to the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ."

Would that we could have many such experiences as this in the year on which we are now entering, as with September begins the 26th financial year of the F. B. Woman's Missionary Society. If we could only multiply many times this faith in God, how much worry and hurry and physical pain would be saved. I am satisfied that more childlike trust in God, growing out of a submitted will, and so a receptive nature, would bring greater calm and peace in the midst of work to our individual lives, more physical, mental, and spiritual power for service, and more workers, more money, and larger results in our home and foreign fields. *Let us all try it this year.*

During the twenty-five years that I have been treasurer of our society I have had but one published post-office address, though, owing to the fact that I have had one summer and another winter home, the local post-office has been obliged to remail my letters many times, and always without much delay. But now that for the immediate future at least I shall have the same home summer and winter; all mail can be addressed to me at Ocean Park, Me. I am sure the change will not seem less homey, as Ocean Park is familiar to you all. Please take notice, however, that, for practical reasons, all money orders, until further notice, should be made payable in Dover, N. H., the same as in the past. Should letters go there Uncle Sam will faithfully forward them to Ocean Park, as in the past, so no one need feel the least concern if the old address is better remembered than the new.

Laura A. DeMeritte, *Treas.*

*Ocean Park, Me.*

## Helps for Monthly Meetings.

### TOPICS FOR 1898.

August—Alexander Duff, India's Educator  
September—James L. Phillips and S. S. Work in India.  
October—Kenneth Mackenzie, China's Physician.  
November—City Missions in America.  
December—Missions and Temperance.

### OCTOBER.—KENNETH MACKENZIE, CHINA'S PHYSICIAN.

#### SUGGESTIVE PROGRAM.

SINGING, "Take my life and let it be consecrated, Lord, to thee."

Prayer, for God's blessing upon the hour, and for more complete consecration in his service.

Bible reading. Consecration.

*Who then is willing to consecrate his service this day unto the Lord? And they with whom precious stones were found gave them to the treasurer of the house of the Lord. Then the people rejoiced, because with perfect heart they offered willingly to the Lord.*—1 CHRON. 29: 5, 8, 9.

The call to consecration. Luke 9: 23; Matt. 6: 32, 33; 2 Cor. 6: 16, 18.

Entire consecration. 1 Cor. 10: 31; 2 Tim. 2: 19; Luke 5: 11.

The true spirit of consecration. 1 Cor. 13: 3 (R. V.); Phil. 2: 5-8.

Reward promised for consecration. Mark 10: 28-30.

Joy of the consecrated. Ps. 84: 10-12; Col. 3: 15-17.

Some Bible examples of consecration. (Joshua) Num. 32: 12; (Daniel) Dan. 6: 10; (Stephen) Acts 7: 55; (Paul) Acts 20: 22-24; (Esther) Esth. 4: 16.

God's care of his consecrated ones. Phil. 1: 6; John 10: 27-29; 17: 12, 24; 1 John 3: 2.

Sing, "Nearer my God, to thee."—*Christian Missionary*.

Interesting facts about China, collected by all members.

"Ten Reasons for Medical Missionaries in Foreign Work."

"Chinese View of Medicine."

"Kenneth Mackenzie, China's Physician." (For a more comprehensive sketch of his life and work than can be given in these pages, see "Knights of the Labarum.")

Medical work in our India field (see March, 1896, HELPER, and F. B. Cyclopædia).

"Hindu Practice of Medicine" (Dr. Bachelier's article in this number).

Prayer for God's blessing upon the healing of soul and body the wide world through; upon Dr. Mary Bachelier in her work in India, and Shirley Holmes Smith in her preparatory work in this country.

NOTE.—As many of our readers know, Miss Shirley Smith is an accepted missionary of the Woman's Society. Her home is in Hillsdale, Mich. She graduated from Hillsdale college, was for some time actively engaged in Young Women's Christian Association work, and, upon her acceptance as a missionary, entered the medical department of Michigan University at Ann Arbor. She is young, earnest, scholarly, of attractive personality, a natural leader, and devoted to her work "in His name." We shall hear more of her.



# Practical Christian Living.

*Practical Christian living is "to condense and crystallize into the uses of daily life the teachings of Christ."*



## THOUGHTS FOR SEPTEMBER

YE are complete in Him, which is the head of all principality and power.—COL. 2: 10.

We rejoice in life because it seems to be carrying us somewhere; because its darkness seems to be rolling on towards light, and even its pain to be moving onward to a hidden joy. We bear with incompleteness, because of the completion which is prophesied and hoped for.—*Phillips Brooks.*

Nothing resting in its own completeness  
Can have worth or beauty; but alone  
Because it tends and leads to further sweetness,  
Fuller, higher, deeper than its own.  
Dare not blame God's gifts for incompleteness;  
In that want their beauty lies; they roll  
Towards some infinite depth of love and sweetness  
Bearing onward man's reluctant soul. —*Adelaide A. Procter.*

## SMALL BEGINNINGS.

*"Whether therefore ye eat, or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God."*

A traveler through a dusty road strewed acorns on the lea;  
And one took root and sprouted up, and grew into a tree.  
Love sought its shade, at evening time, to breathe its early vows;  
And age was pleased, in heats of noon, to bask beneath its boughs;  
The dormouse loved its dangling twigs, the birds sweet music bore;  
It stood a glory in its place, a blessing evermore.

A dreamer dropped a random thought, 'twas old and yet 'twas new;  
A simple fancy of the brain, but strong in being true.  
It shone upon a genial mind, and lo! its light became  
A lamp of life, a beacon ray, a monitory flame,  
The thought was small; its issues great—a watchfire on a hill;  
It shed its radiance far adown, and cheers the valley still!

—*Selected.*

## THE MEDICAL ASPECT OF RELIGION.

*"Who is the health of my countenance."—PS. 43: 5.*

WHY the health of the countenance? Why does he not say "the health of my spirit"? Because to the psalmist the redemption of the soul always ends in the resurrection of the body. And is not the psalmist right? Don't we also find it true, you and I? They tell us that bad health affects the spirits, and doubtless it is so. But is it not equally true that to be in low spirits affects the health? Do we not find that physical trouble is more easily shaken off when there is peace within? I have often heard it said that children stand trouble better than adults. I believe it to be the fact, but I think the reason is a deeper

one than is commonly supposed. It is not because the child is fresher than the man, it is because the child has less care than the man. The mind is a factor in the recovery of the body. I am not sure that I would even except cases of unconsciousness, Our sleep is colored by our waking, and in the state which men call unconscious I know not what dreams may lie. Job said, "In my flesh I shall see God;" he might have equally said, "In God I shall see my flesh." Get the soul, and you shall get the body too. Get peace, and you shall lessen pain. Get faith, and you shall diminish fever. Get wisdom, and you shall strengthen weakness. Get love, and you shall dispel lassitude. The hope in God is the health of the countenance.

O thou, who didst put a little child in the midst of the disciples, I understand what that means to-day. I understand how modern was the act, how suited to the world in which I dwell. I have heard men say it was to disparage outward strength. Nay, my Lord, it was to make me outwardly more strong. It is because a child's heart gives a man's health that thou hast bidden me become a child. It is because there is no armor against disease like the self-forgetting soul, that thou hast sent me back to the days of lightest care. It is not because I loathe worldly comfort, but because I love it, that I come to thee. I want to be free from low spirits; they hurt me; they open the pores to all diseases; they make me liable to draughts and colds. I blamed exposure yesterday for a chill. It was the want of it; I was too closely shut in, too much confined within my own cares. Unbar the doors, O Lord! Open my heart to thy breath, and my body shall be closed to the pestilence. Let in thy atmosphere of joy, and all contagious vapors shall be kept out. Make me sound within, and the outer man shall be renewed day by day. Make me to hear the voice of gladness, and the very bones which have been broken shall rejoice. If my heart be glad, my flesh also shall rest in hope. If I take up my cross, I shall take up my bed as well. Let thy way be known on earth, and thy saving health shall be found in all nations.—*Dr. Geo. Mattheson.*

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### THE IMPORTANCE OF TRAINING OUR YOUNG PEOPLE FOR CHRISTIAN CITIZENSHIP.

BY MRS. A. A. MCKENNEY.

THE mission of every Christian is to extend the kingdom of God in the hearts of all that come under his influence. Especially is this true of those whom God has placed under our immediate care. God's word is explicit concerning the duty of parents to their children. In speaking of his statutes and commandments he says, "Thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children, and thou shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the

way, and when thou liest down, and when thou risest up." Parents should see that their children are taught the laws of God, and that righteous principles are established in their hearts and lives.

In order to become useful citizens they must be taught the laws of our country. Every child should know the constitution of the U. S. and be familiar with our history. They should be made to see the difference between the condition of our own country and other lands. They should know that the reason why we enjoy greater privileges is because our nation was founded on Christian principles. And the great reason why so many come to us from other countries is because our land is one of freedom, education, and religious liberty.

They should be taught how much our forefathers suffered to give us these blessed privileges. The history of our country is made so interesting that most children love to study it. When our children realize that all of our superior advantages arise from the fact that the great object of our forefathers was to advance the kingdom of God in the new country to which they had come, and that it is to their faithful Christian citizenship that we are indebted for the preservation and prosperity of our country, then they will have a greater respect for the Christian principles they advocated.

They should also be taught that the conflict between right and wrong did not end with our ancestors, but there are battles to be fought to-day and every day. They should be made to feel that a great responsibility rests upon the young men and women of to-day to perpetuate the principles of our Christian forefathers. Times and conditions change, and they must remember every age has its own peculiar perils.

Our young will have to face hard problems in their times because of a spirit of lawlessness that is in our country to-day. It is of the greatest importance that they should understand the dangers that threaten us in order that they may right the wrongs we older ones have permitted to enter and grow upon us, until our beauty as a Christian nation is sadly marred. Intemperance, Sabbath desecration, social evils, gambling, impure literature, and many other evils have steadily grown upon us. I will not dwell upon the guilt of those who have permitted these evils to gain so powerful a foothold—they are in God's hands—but I would dwell upon the necessity of training our young people to a realizing sense of these evils, and to consider the remedy to be used to bring it back to the moral aspect it had half a century ago.

Our young people are interested in the work of reform, along the lines of temperance and Christian citizenship, and have already done much. But they need all the help and encouragement we older Christians can give them. They want practical suggestions, and we should be ready to give them. How can we

do this better than by urging them to cling close to God's word? Its teachings are our only safeguard. It is because we have allowed God's word to be assailed and disobeyed that our nation has become less moral than formerly. The Bible has been driven out of our public schools, and we cannot expect God will bless a nation which dishonors his word and desecrates his Sabbaths. There has never been a time in the history of our country when greater evils were to be met than at the present time, and what the issue will be depends largely upon our Christian young people.

They should be taught that they have a duty to perform in their citizenship as much as in their church membership, that the welfare of their country should be as sacred to them as the welfare of their home. We older Christians have been told that the less Christianity had to do with politics the better, and, strange to say, many put it in practice. In fact many professed Christians have become criminally silent. It is the most disheartening feature of our times that so many Christians take no active interest in politics, while worldly men are keenly alive to the subject.

It has been said that our churches have less influence in nearly all our cities than the saloons. How sad this is in a land founded on Christian principles! We have not been as watchful against evil as our pilgrim fathers. Instead of correcting immoral influences that have come among us, we have weakly permitted them to control us, until we are ruled by the worst element that comes to our shores. This is the result of our indifference in public affairs, and our silence when we should renounce evil. Many are so closely bound to their party, that the evils they see in it are silently passed over. And some of our clergy will dwell sweetly upon the love of God and pass entirely over the things God hates.

But the young people growing up among us are freer to think and act, and are therefore the hope of our nation. It is a hopeful sign of the times that our young people's societies are becoming more and more interested, intelligent, and aggressive in public affairs. Young people should be taught that every question pertaining to the good of humanity should be sacred to them, whether in the family, neighborhood, state, or nation. That they should be fearless teachers of the truth in all the affairs of life, public and private, and go wherever duty calls, whether the world approves or disapproves. Because of their greater enthusiasm they will make more aggressive workers. And this question of Christian citizenship needs to be agitated by teaching and preaching the gospel of just laws, pure lives, and a common brotherhood, a gospel that will make men think right and live right.

An especially hopeful indication is that the girls of to-day take a greater interest in public matters than their mothers did. They are not kept by custom,



as their mothers were, from a knowledge of the large questions pertaining to the welfare of our country. Therefore they have more enlightened ideas, and are becoming more independent thinkers, and will exert a greater influence for good. If it is true (as many wise men have told us) that women represent the conscience side of life, then the sooner their influence and power is felt in public affairs the better it will be for our country. When our girls and boys stand side by side in all that pertains to the welfare of our country (as I believe they will), there will be an influence for good greater than we have yet felt.

Woman's influence is surely to be felt more and more in years to come ; and so it is of the greatest importance that we teach our girls that a great responsibility rests upon them as well as upon their brothers. They must learn to think for themselves, and study to know what God would have them do, and not wait until public sentiment is right, but help to make it right. May God help every Christian to so train the young, by precept and example, that our country will soon be a Christian one, in truth as well as in name ; a nation that loves and fears God ; a pure, safe, and homelike nation.

*Nashville Center, Minn.*

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#### THE SOUL'S REST.

THE rest of a soul is a very peculiar thing ; it is what we should call movement. The rest of a body is sleep, because its work becomes a weariness. The rest of a rolling ball is stillness, because it loses its energy as it goes. But the rest of a soul is motion, because repose is foreign to it. One of the poets has said, "The soul is dead that slumbers," and it is true. The weariest moment of a soul is its torpor. When it has nothing to think of, nothing to dream of, nothing to speak of ; when all its wells are dry and all its flowers are withered and all its ambitions are silent ; when it feels that life is beneath striving for ; when it says, "The game is not worth the candle," that is an awful time. It is the spectacle of a restless soul, because it is the sight of a soul reposing. It is the broken wing of a bird, the lame feet of a stag, the snapped string of a violin, the lost voice of a singer. The soul imprisoned within itself finds the yoke not easy.

My soul, how shalt thou find rest? On the wings of love. It is not less but more movement that thou cravest. Not a couch more downy, but a pinion more drastic, is wanted to give thee rest. If thou wouldst not be weary, thou must mount up with wings as eagles. Only when thou art flying art thou unfettered. Put on thy new wings, O my soul ; put on thy wings of love, and soar. Soar to the joy of thy heart, the man Christ Jesus. Soar to the light of thy waking, the object of thy dreams. Soar, though thou come not up with him to-day, nor to-morrow, nor perhaps for many morrows. Soar, though the wind be high, though the mist be thick upon the hills. If thou shalt only rise far enough, the mist shall vanish and the winds shall cease and in all thine onward way there shall be no more resistance to thy flight. Thou shalt reach thy perfect rest when thou hast attained thine unimpeded flying.—*Geo. Mattheson, D. D.*

## Words from Home Workers.

IOWA.—The annual session of the Iowa W. M. S. was held in connection with the Y. M., which convened at Lamont June 10. The business meetings were not very largely attended, the Delaware and Clayton and the Blackhawk and Buchanan being the only Q. Ms. represented by delegates. The Little Sioux Valley Q. M. was represented by letter. Friday afternoon the first business meeting was called, and, in the absence of the president, Mrs. J. B. Gidney was elected president pro tem. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Mrs. Thera B. True, Edgewood; secretary, Mrs. Nettie Zimmerman, Bryanburg; treasurer, Mrs. J. Irving Brown, Estherville; state agent for the HELPER, Mrs. J. B. Gidney, Central City. The business meeting of Saturday afternoon was presided over by the president, Mrs. True. It was decided that we raise the same amount that we pledged ourselves to raise last year, \$300 for Miss Scott and \$100 for state work. At 8 o'clock a large and appreciative audience gathered at the church to listen to the following program rendered by the society, very ably assisted by the Lamont church choir: Music by the choir; scripture reading, Mrs. Reid; prayer, Rev. Mr. Ford; recitation, Miss McCormack; song, "Little Rays," by four children; paper by Mrs. Hewes, "Excuses for Not Giving for Missions"; letter from Miss Scott, read by Mrs. Thera R. True; report of secretary and treasurer, read by Mrs. Nettie Zimmerman; a letter from Mrs. Peck was read by Mrs. True; paper by Mrs. Nettie Zimmerman, "Society History and Practical Thoughts and Facts on Missions"; a most excellent talk on missions was given by Rev. Mr. Lougher; recitation by Millie Kenyon. A collection of \$10 was taken, showing that those present were in practical sympathy with missions. Benediction by Rev. Mr. Bixby. There are five Q. M. organizations in the state, leaving one Q. M. not yet organized. Number of auxiliaries 16, members 173, children's bands 2, members 30, MISSIONARY HELPERS taken, as reported to secretary, 78. Money received for foreign work \$180, for state work \$59.45. Total \$239.45. Local work by aid societies \$459.65. This report as has been sent the secretary from time to time by the different Q. M. secretaries is given in full, so that those of the workers who could not attend the meeting can know of the work done by the few. Dear sisters, there is great need of earnest, untiring efforts on the part of each one, that this, Christ's work, shall be carried on, and not be crippled for want of funds. Let us thank God for what he has enabled us to do, and pray that we and all who are his followers may more fully realize that the gold and the silver are his, and that all may render unto the Lord his own.

[MRS.] NETTIE ZIMMERMAN, Sec.

ILLINOIS (Murphysboro).—Our W. M. S. convened with Q. M. held with the Desoto church July 1-3. The Q. M. gives us Friday evening, and we occupied the time with a program consisting of devotional services led by president; paper by Mrs. S. L. Morris, "How Shall We Interest Our Women in This Important Work?" which brought out some good thought; recitation by Mrs. Mat Snider, entitled "Hold the Ropes"; select reading, "'The King's Message,'" by Mrs. M. E. Allen; an oration, "The Last Command," by Mrs. N. S. (Book) Anderson, which was an inspiration to each of us. Our music was ably conducted by Mrs. J. L. Bagwill. Bro. Lougher, our outgoing missionary, was with us, and gave such a good talk that we feel encouraged to go on in this grand and noble work of our Master, and never cease until this whole wide world shall have heard the glorious news of salvation, and had the opportunity of accepting it. As this dear brother and wife go to the foreign field, may they have our prayers, sympathy, and means to uphold them; and, more than that, may they have a wonderful baptism of the Holy Spirit. We feel sure that their work will be successful. Sisters, let us rally. Let us be true to our trust, whether it is unification or our present system. Let us go forward in His name, and "faith and works shall win."

[MRS.] CLARA MCBRIDE, *Pres.*

[MRS.] M. E. ALLEN, *Sec.*

NEW YORK.—Dear Editor: A new auxiliary in Whitestown Q. M., or even in the Central N. Y. Yearly Meeting, is something so novel that we feel like telling all the readers of our HELPER the fact that one was organized at Prospect, N. Y., June 21, '98, with seventeen members. This auxiliary chose for its president, Mrs. I. J. Griffeth, and Miss Elma Prindle as secretary. At their first meeting a collection was taken to pay for the MISSIONARY HELPER, to be used by the society. It is but just to add that this auxiliary is the result of the faithful efforts of the pastor, Rev. J. B. Coy, whose missionary spirit is manifest by his works. If this small church can support an auxiliary, what excuse can the larger churches in our Y. M. offer for not doing likewise? Since writing the foregoing we have learned of the organization of a W. M. S. at Grant with fifteen members.

Yours in the work,

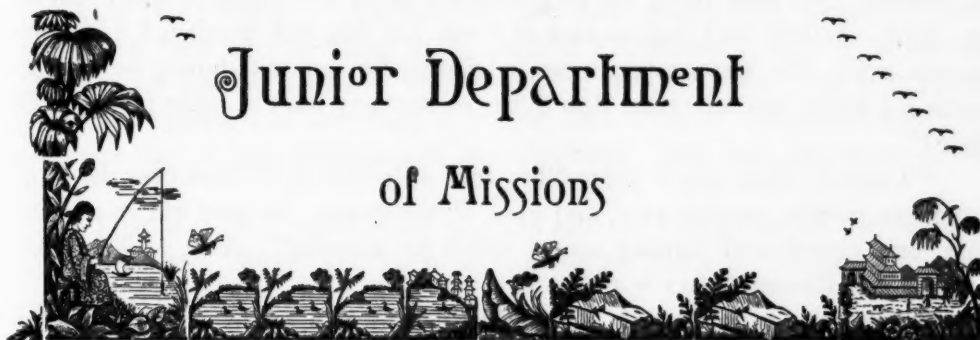
*Poland, N. Y., July 26, 98.*

ARDA H. JACKSON,

*Home Sec. for Central States.*

CHRIST chose unlettered men to receive his gospel. But when he wanted a man to formulate it and expound it and present it at the courts of Cæsarea and Athens and Rome he chose one of the acutest scholars of his time. Paul at the feet of Gamaliel was preparing for the ministry of Christ, although at the time he knew it not. The church has need of its Booths and its Moodys, but quite as much has it need of Augustines and Luthers and Wycliffs.—*The Ram's Horn.*





# Junior Department of Missions

## MISSIONARY MUSIC.

Have you ever brought a penny to the missionary box—

A penny which you might have spent like other little folks?

And, when it falls among the rest, have you ever heard a ring

Like a pleasant sound of welcome which the other pennies sing?

This is missionary music, and it has a pleasant sound,

For pennies, make a shilling, and shillings make a pound,

And many pounds together the gospel news will send,

Which tells the distant heathen that the Saviour is their friend.

And O what joyous music is the missionary song,

When it seems to come from every heart and sounds from every tongue;

When happy Christian little ones all sing with one accord

Of the time when realms of darkness shall be kingdoms of the Lord!

But sweeter far than all which Jesus loves to hear

Are children's voices when they breathe a missionary prayer;

And many a one from distant lands will reach his heavenly home

In answer to the children's prayer, "O Lord, thy kingdom come."

Then, missionary children, let this music never cease;

Work on, work on in earnest for the Lord, the Prince of peace.

There is praying work and paying work for every heart and hand,

Till the missionary chorus shall go forth through all the land.

—Selected.

## KENNETH'S MITE BOX.

"I DON'T see why folks have to go away so far, do you, Aunt Millie?" Kenneth stood by the window gazing out into the fast-falling shadows. He looked very mournful as he said it, and Aunt Millie thought she saw a tear stealing down the rosy cheek. So she laid aside her work and came and stood beside him. The curly head leant back till it rested against her arm, and Kenneth asked again, "Do you, Aunt Millie."

"No, dear, but then, there are ever so many things I cannot see any reason for. You are thinking about Rob, aren't you?"

"Yes'm. We did have such good times till his father moved away out there

in Indiana. We were going out to grandma's again this summer, and I had to go alone. School isn't half so nice as it was last fall, and Sundays I miss him more'n ever. We were going to work together for our mite-boxes, we had so much fun filling 'em last year, Rob thinks of so many ways to make money. O dear!"

"I should think you'd enjoy filling that mite-box more than ever, for Rob is a home mission boy this year, and some of the money you give will go to help that very church and Sunday school which he attends." Aunt Millie spoke brightly and Kenneth's face sparkled with interest.

"Really and truly, auntie? O, then I will work! I wonder how many boys and girls they have in his Sunday school, and if he feels at home there yet? Wonder what books they sing out of, and if they have a library? O say, Aunt Millie, do you s'pose they have mite-boxes?"

"I am sure of it, Ken."

"Then Rob's working to fill his this very minute, p'raps. Tell me how to work for mine, won't you?"

"Well, let me see. The only thing I can think of just now is some props for my flowers. Any boy who can make such fine, smooth kite-sticks as my nephew Kenneth can surely could do the work for me, so I'll order two dozen and pay five cents a dozen for them."

"Good for you, auntie! make a light and let's begin right away. Would you mind telling me something about home missions while I whittle?"

"Not a bit, provided you won't 'mind' cleaning up your chips when you are through."

"I'll pick up even the leetlest ones. Wait till I get the wood and my knife. Now wait till I get your chair and my stool. Now we're settled. Begin."

"What do you want to know? I cannot tell you about Rob's school, you must ask him to write you about that."

"O, why do they have 'em, and who goes to 'em, and where do they begin 'em; there aren't any heathens out there, are there?"

"Ken, you are a little heathen yourself! you surely have heard all that every year at Sunday school?"

"Yes'm, I s'pose so, but you see I never cared before, so I forgot just as soon as I heard it."

"Then perhaps that's one reason why Rob has gone out west, to help you to grow up into the right kind of a Christian, knowing and caring about the work God has given you to do in this great and glorious land of ours."

"Is it? Well, I'll hurry up and learn it all, and then p'raps God 'll let him come back. Go on!"

Aunt Millie smiled. "We will begin with our country then, Kenneth. God has put us here and he wants us to make it a Christian land. So wherever churches are needed he wants us Christians to start them and look after them. There are hundreds of thousands of people here, many of them poor, and they need our help to give them pastors and churches. And then they move sometimes."

"Like Rob did," interrupted Kenneth eagerly; "and 'course they want to go to their own church and keep on working for India an' Africa an' all our home mission churches."

"Yes, Ken, and they need books and papers, just as we do who go to older and more established churches."

"So they do—why it would be too bad if Rob couldn't get library books, wouldn't it, Aunt Millie?"

"I do not believe he has any, Kenneth. So many of the Sunday schools do not take the mite-boxes, and so many of the boys and girls forget to fill them at all, or only half try, that there is never as much money as there ought to be to send preachers to them, and the people in the mission churches are working and saving too hard to try to pay their own pastor to have much money for anything else."

"Well—I think it is a shame! Here we have books and books and books, lesson papers that half of 'em don't open any time 'cept in Sunday school; we've got an organ and a piano, and have picnics and 'scursions, and are doing lots for ourselves all the time, and Rob and the rest of 'em just got a bare church."

"Ever so many haven't that much, Ken; they hold church in hall or a store or a barn; sometimes in a room up over a beer saloon."

"Aunt Millie, stop! How can they get any missionary money for India! O, I guess Rob's awful homesick on Sundays!"

"But they do have missionary money, Ken; they begin to give as soon as they start a mission. They learn to work for other people right away."

"Even when they are in those old rooms? Well!—if I don't get my box full this year I'll know why! I tell you, Aunt Millie, it makes lots of difference if you know somebody that's in it when you are working for missions."—*The Children's Missionary*.

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ROB and Arthur were looking at a picture in a Sunday-school paper, which showed two South Sea Islanders rubbing noses, after the cordial manner of these natives when meeting a friend. "What are they doing?" asked Rob. Arthur, who had heard something about the custom, quickly replied, "O, just scraping acquaintance."

# Contributions.

## F. B. WOMAN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

Receipts for July, 1898.

### MAINE.

Auburn F. B. ch. T. O. . . . .	\$12.05
E. Otisfield aux. for Bible woman with Mrs. Smith . . . . .	4.00
Do T. O. . . . .	2.89
Edgecomb Q. M. Miss Barnes . . . . .	.59
Ellsworth Q. M. aux. for Carrie . . . . .	5.40
Houlton Q. M. W. M. S. F. M. . . . .	7.00
Lewiston Main St. aux. T. O. . . . .	11.64
Do Jun. A. C. F. 2 shares Miss Barnes's sal. Limerick F. B. aux. on L. M. of Miss Mildred Brown . . . . .	8.00
Otisfield Q. M. col. F. M. . . . .	2.50
Ocean Park Miss Lizzie Knight T. O. . . . .	3.79
Mapleton aux. for Paras . . . . .	1.00
Portland 1st F. B. aux. for Malotti in S. O. . . . .	13.00
Do do for S. O. . . . .	6.00
Do do Intermediate Endeavor for boy in Bhimpore . . . . .	3.00
Do do for Storer college . . . . .	12.00
Do do for Miss Baker . . . . .	1.00
Sprague's Mills F. B. S. S. for Eloise in S. O. Springfield Q. M. W. M. aux. . . . .	9.00
So. Monmouth Mrs. J. N. Noble for F. M. . . . .	25.00
So. Limington aux. for Callie Weeks in India and on L. M. of Mrs. Tufts . . . . .	8.00
W. Ellsworth child band for Carrie . . . . .	1.00
W. Lebanon interest on Mary A. Dearborn fund . . . . .	5.00

### NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Dover Hills H. and F. M. Miss. Soc. for Rachel Das . . . . .	43.50
E. Rochester col. by O. T. Hill . . . . .	2.00
Franconia S. S. bal. due on share Miss Barnes's salary . . . . .	2.00
Franconia Gen. Fund . . . . .	1.00
Hampton ch. col. by O. T. Hill . . . . .	1.30
Laconia 1st F. B. Jun. C. E. . . . .	4.00
Middlesex Anna Cummings for Mrs. Smith . . . . .	1.20
Middlesex Bertha Cummings for Mrs. Smith . . . . .	1.00
Middlesex W. O. Cummings for Mrs. Smith . . . . .	3.00
Middlesex Y. P. S. C. E. . . . .	2.50
Middlesex Y. P. S. C. E. for Widows' Home (T. O.) . . . . .	2.50
No. Berwick ch. for Clara Dexter . . . . .	4.95
New Hampton Y. Woman's Miss. Soc. 1-2 Miss Baker 1-2 Miss Butts . . . . .	10.00
So. Barrington children's offering . . . . .	5.90
So. Barrington . . . . .	2.31
Suncook Clara Warner for Emily . . . . .	2.00
L. R. B. \$5 Miss Butts \$5 Miss Baker . . . . .	10.00
Gen. col. by O. T. Hill . . . . .	1.71

### VERMONT.

Enosburg Falls F. B. ch. for Mrs. Smith . . . . .	9.25
Irasburgh child day col. for Mrs. Smith . . . . .	2.03
No. Danville aux. (T. O.) Mrs. Smith . . . . .	10.40

### MASSACHUSETTS.

Amesbury (T. O.) . . . . .	2.50
Boston ch. (T. O.) . . . . .	7.00
Cambridge Jun. Endeavor Soc. for Miss Barnes Haverhill (T. O. \$26) to constitute Mrs. A. H. Emerson and Mrs. A. R. Leighton life members . . . . .	2.00
Wellesley W. M. S. for India mission . . . . .	40.00
Whitman Bethany F. B. ch. (T. O.) . . . . .	10.00
	7.25

CORRECTION.—The \$12.01 credited in June Receipts to Fairbank aux., Iowa, should have been credited as follows: Bryantburg aux. \$5.32, B. H. and Buchanan Q. M. \$5.69, Fairbank aux. \$1.

### RHODE ISLAND.

Pascoag Jun. C. E. for Miss Barnes . . . . .	\$5.00
Providence Roger Williams Jun. C. E. for Ind. Dept. . . . .	5.00
R. I. District Miss. Soc. . . . .	1.00

### NEW YORK.

Buffalo 2d F. B. ch. Woman's Aid and Miss. Soc. for native Bible woman . . . . .	25.00
Susquehanna Y. M. for F. M. . . . .	3.00
W. Oneonta W. M. S. for Pulmoni . . . . .	3.00

### OHIO.

Seneca and Huron Q. M. for Gen. Fund . . . . .	5.00
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### MICHIGAN.

Columbiaville ch. for Dr. Bachelor . . . . .	4.31
Davison W. M. S. (T. O.) . . . . .	2.80
Jackson F. B. W. M. S. (T. O.) for India widows . . . . .	4.71
Mason "Willing Workers" for Miss Barnes . . . . .	4.00
Otsego Mrs. M. M. S. Fitch for Golden Memorial . . . . .	5.00
Paw Paw (T. O.) . . . . .	1.20

### MINNESOTA.

Huntley children's mission band . . . . .	5.00
Huntley children's day birthday box . . . . .	4.50
Huntley aux. . . . .	2.50
Madelia W. M. S. for F. M. . . . .	5.00
Winnebago F. B. S. S. for Miss Barnes . . . . .	4.00

### IOWA.

"From a friend of missions" for F. M. . . . .	48.00
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### ILLINOIS.

Ava aux. . . . .	1.50
Chester Pearl Montroy for F. M. . . . .	1.19
Chester aux. for F. M. . . . .	1.50
Desoto aux. for F. M. . . . .	1.00
Murphysboro a friend . . . . .	.10
Pates Chapel Bro. and Sister Morris for F. M. Q. M. col. . . . .	.50
Uniontown ch. W. M. S. . . . .	2.55
	1.00

### INDIANA.

Badger primary and intermediate S. S. classes for Miss Barnes . . . . .	2.18
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### KANSAS.

Dentonville W. M. S. . . . .	3.00
Horton F. B. W. M. S. (T. O. \$3.68) . . . . .	10.93

### SOUTH DAKOTA.

Rowena aux. for Miss Barnes . . . . .	5.00
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### PROVINCE OF QUEBEC.

Sherbrooke Mrs. I. Wood for Mrs. Smith . . . . .	1.00
Sherbrooke F. R. Moulton for Emily . . . . .	8.00
Montreal Mrs. D. W. Moulton for Mrs. Smith . . . . .	1.00

### NOVA SCOTIA.

Canso Mrs. C. E. Dunham and son for support of a widow one year in Dorcas Smith Home . . . . .	25.00
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Total . . . . . \$547.88

LAURA A. DEMERITTE, Treas.

Dover, N. H.

per EDYTH R. PORTER, Asst. Treas.

